

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.]

VOL. VIII.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

[NUMB. 394.]

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

[Continued from our last.]

LADY CAROLINE stood for some minutes after Bremere's departure in fixed astonishment: she knew not what construction to put upon his words; but, after a short consideration, she concluded what he had said, was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to enforce his opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas, she rejoined her company; and, in discoursing on other topics, Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now, gentle reader, let us banish from our thoughts the giddy Lady Caroline, and attend the steps of Belfont; whom, hereafter, if you please, unless it shall be found necessary to use his real name, we will distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich in examining those objects most worthy the notice of a traveller, he left that city, and continued his excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, on his own estates, in the midst of his tenantry.

Totally unknown to his tenants, and equally so to his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuses which the latter committed. It was near sun-set when he arrived at a pleasant village on the borders of the sea, which contained, what is there called, an inn. Here he took up his quarters. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gitch of nog**, joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the notice of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and, fatigued as he was by his day's walk, he determined, before he slept, to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. When the company retired, he invited the landlord to partake of beverage; who, being a communicative sort of person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

"I will tell you, Sir," said he, "the story of Parson Benley. You must know, Sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living; which is in the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman, who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in a good three hundred pounds a year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and fifty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say; while the servant, who does every

thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum: and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm; which by the death of one of his neighbors became vacant. But, I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day laborer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they couldn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together: and, to make short of the matter, my Lord's steward seized on his stock; which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the country gaol."

"And his family," asked Trueman, "what has become of them?"

"His wife and four children," returned the landlord; three fine boys, from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of a fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the workhouse. But, "No," says I; "hold neighbor Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry—But you must know, Sir," said he, with a significant nod, "I am pretty warm—they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! For what," says I, "is your workhouse but a dungeon; where the poor eat little, and labor hard!"—But, Sir," continued the landlord, "not only I, but the whole village, was against their going there; and the inhabitants all cheerfully spare a little towards the family's support: nay, even the laboring cottager, out of his hard earnings throws in his mite!"

"And what," enquired Trueman, "is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?"

"The whole debt," replied the landlord, "I am told is about three hundred pounds: a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of this parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend on it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law."

Every particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman enquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he retired to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and give once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post town about three miles off, and inclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whence

the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and, in the morning rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

In his return, he saw, at a short distance before him, a female, and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had in each hand an earthen jug; and, having outwalked her companions, had seated herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load; a proposal which the youngster readily accepted: telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighboring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister, then waiting for him at the stile had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts, who were at home with his mother. "And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Trueman. "Benley, Sir," answered he; "and we live in yonder cottage," pointing to a small house across the meadow.

Trueman, who longed for an introduction to the disconsolate family of the indigent, but worthy curate, was highly gratified with this piece of intelligence.

"Charlotte," said the youth, as they drew near the female, "here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too."

"That I will, most readily! and esteem myself obliged in having permission so to do," said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley. "You are very kind, Sir," said Charlotte; "but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded on your politeness."

"Call it not intrusion," returned Trueman; "the young gentlemen asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary."

The blushing Charlotte accepted, with reluctance, the assistance of the gallant stranger; and permitted him to attend her to her humble dwelling. Trueman, a stranger to the undisguised charms of nature, viewed, with joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion. "And, oh!" said he to himself, "should she wear a mind pure and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch's love."

The lovely maid, unconscious of her power to captivate, received with unconcern the compliments that Trueman paid to her beauty; and, impressed by his gallantry, answered with polite indifference every question of the enamoured youth. In fact the recent misfortunes, that had befallen her family, and the gloomy prospect which Fear's deluded eye traced in the bosom of Futurity, had robbed Miss Benley of a considerable share of that vivacity, which, in her happier days, she was wont to possess, and rendered her almost totally indifferent to the converse of her friends, and altogether impatient of society.

[To be continued.]

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *corenas*; and their strong beer is known by the name of *neg*.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

A Certain Major H. a rich planter in the state of Virginia, was famous for his hospitality, and no less noted for the drollery which he frequently practised on strangers, who often lodged at his house. One evening a gentleman passing through that part of the country who was informed of the Major's character, determined to halt there until the next morning. He accordingly stopped, and the humourist received him with his usual politeness. After the tea-table was removed and they had conversed for some time on different subjects, the Major asked the traveller if he could dance—the other answered in the negative; but H. pretending to impute this answer to the stranger's modesty, insisted in the politest manner possible that he must certainly be an adept in that accomplishment, and the Major assured him that he should be highly gratified in seeing a specimen of his skill. The gentleman, much surprised at his host's importunity, obstinately persisted in denying the least knowledge of dancing, while Mr. H. as strenuously insisted on the contrary. He then ordered his negro boy to bring in his fiddle, and requested his guest to gratify him in dancing a reel; but the stranger begged to be excused. The Major having repeated his desires to see the gentleman dance, and finding he could not prevail upon him by entreaty, suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and presented it at the breast of the astonished traveller, swearing he must either instantly obey him, or he would discharge its contents into his body. The stranger seeing the Major's resolution, was terrified into a compliance, and the music striking up, he fell to dancing with the greatest gravity imaginable, curing the humour of his host from the bottom of his heart. Having exercised himself in this ridiculous manner (to the no small diversion of his host) till he was much fatigued, he was about to sit down; but his tormentor not yet satisfied with the fun, presented his pistol a second time, assuring the dancer his performance had hitherto afforded so much entertainment that he must continue it till further orders. The poor intimidated stranger seeing the earnestness with which his mischievous host repeated his demand, began again, till extreme fatigue compelled him to beg a momentary respite. The Major was inexorable, and compelled his panting guest to a further exercise of his limbs, till he was so far exhausted by fatigue that he could scarcely move. The Major being at length fully satisfied with the fun, liberated his prisoner about twelve o'clock at night and retired from the room, leaving his pistol on the table. The instant the Major was out of sight, the traveller took possession of the pistol, examined it, and found that it was not charged. He was doubly irritated when he found he had been so completely duped, and instantly resolved to retaliate on his entertainer in a manner he little expected; he therefore charged the pistol with powder and ball which he happened to have about him, and on the Major's return, he guest requested to be gratified in his turn; but the Major with great good humour observed that it was rather late for further diversion, and desired his guest to retire to bed. "Sir," (said the other with great sang froid) "I insist on your dancing;" the Major still excused himself; but his guest presenting the pistol at him, commanded him to begin instantly, or abide by the consequence: H. imagining the pistol was unloaded, smiled at this threat and was going off: "Stop, Sir," said the stranger, "do not think to escape with impunity: you must know that I have charged the pistol, and by G— you must either instantly obey or expect the consequence. He accordingly cocked the pistol, evincing a determined resolution to execute his threats if not instantly obeyed—the Major, seeing by the resentment that sparkled in the eyes of his guest, he was in earnest, proceeded to action as soon as possible.

The poor negro, who had not enjoyed a minute's rest from seven till twelve o'clock, thought the sport had ended with the first dance; but the gentleman after bestowing a few curses on him for his laziness, ordered him to play a brisk tune for his master, who was desirous of trying his skill next. The musician alledged in vain his fatigue, and being repeatedly terrified with threats of immediate death if he did not proceed, he played as hard as he could, while his master was obliged to submit to this musical discipline. The poor Major was thus kept most sweatingly to work till break of day, when he ordered his horse to be brought, and in the mean time kept the Major as close to his work as ever. His horse being ready, the traveller prepared to mount, when the almost breathless Major insisted on his staying to breakfast, assuring him he had never met with an equal match before, and he should think himself happy in a further acquaintance with the gentleman; but the traveller doubting the sincerity of his host's professions, thanked him very politely,

and assured him that his kindness had already laid him under obligations he should not very soon forget: then discharging the pistol at the door, he pursued his journey with aching bones, but not a little pleased with having paid his host so well for his night's entertainment.

DESERTATION ON BREAD.

BREAD is literally a composition made of flour, water, and yeast; but figuratively the term is of much more extensive import, and signifies meat, drink, and cloathing.

Though bread is proverbially the staff of life, I know several people who never eat any. In Ireland, potatoes is commonly substituted for that article. An Irishman was, a few days ago, taken before a magistrate as a vagrant, for refusing to give a proper account of himself, and how he obtained a livelihood. The dialogue between his worship and the Hibernian was somewhat curious.—To the best of my recollection it was as follows:

His Worship. What are you?

Irishman. A man, sir, at your service, and at your wife's service.

His Worship. You are a very impudent fellow!

Irishman. What, for saying I am at your service.

His Worship. How do you get your bread?

Irishman. No how at all!

His Worship. If that's the best account you can give of yourself, I shall commit you upon the vagrant act. You say you have no honest way of getting your bread.

Irishman. By the holy Shannon, your worship speaks nothing but the truth. I have no honest method of getting my bread; because I never eat any at all; for I live upon paratoes.

His Worship. Don't equivocate, fellow! Have you any visible method of getting your living?

Irishman. Very visible, an please your worship; I get it on the coach-box. By the assistance of a pair of horses I drives a hackney-coach. I hope that your worship's majesty will admit, that sitting on a coach-box to drive a coach, is a visible method of getting my living. I cannot indeed say so much of my horses, for Lord bless their poor souls, they are as blind as a justice.

The magistrate, not relishing Paddy's observation's, or thinking he had given a satisfactory account of himself, thought proper to dismiss him. But, before the Hibernian departed, he admonished his worship never to ask an Irishman HOW HE GOT HIS BREAD.

A lawyer gets his bread by talking, a bishop by praying, and hypocrites by lying. It is said, in the sacred page, that a woman, of a certain class, will bring a man to a morsel of bread. Such women should however be avoided by those who are not to be satisfied with morsels.

EXTRACTS.

J E A L O U S Y.

O JEALOUSY, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless marry'd Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

ON A GREAT HOUSE ADORN'D WITH STATUES.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

HUDIBRASS says, that those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency, because their tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the less weight it carries."

"BY some it is wondered that the anatomy of a woman's tongue does not enable our modern philosophers to discover a perpetual motion."

A NECDOTE.

WHEN Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion. He was answered, And we have no stronger, Want and Impossibility.

REFLECTIONS ON WINTER.

HAIL! Winter, clad in frowning skies,
While billows roar, and tempests rise;
Welcome, thy short and gloomy day,
Beneath whose unremitting sway,
The child of Poverty and Hunger dies!

To him who droops with black despair,
Congenial is thy midnight air;

E'en storms, that shake the farthest Pole,
Are music to his dreary soul—
Proud to thy darts, he lays his bosom bare.

Winter! like thee, is human joy,
Each pleasure has its sure alloy:
Dark clouds obscure thy sun's bright form,
And man's the sport of every storm,
Falsely allur'd by ev'ry glit'ring toy.

Ye who enjoy frail Fortune's smile,
Think there are sons of Want and Toil,
"Nor let waste Luxury impair,"
What might relieve the child of Care;
Restrain the course of Pleasure's tide awhile.

Let no imperious porter stand,
Who by his Honor's stern command,
Drives from the proud and stately door,
The needy and unfriended poor;
Distribute mercy with ungrudging hand.

Bless Charity! 'tis thine to raise,
From beds of death, where Sorrow preys,
The sickly form, and ghastly mein;
To cheer the soul-distracting scene,
And scatter round Hope's salutary rays!

WOODVILLE

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SOLUTION OF THE ANAGRAM.

IN LAST SATURDAY'S MUSEUM.

A MILLER's employment,

If I guess aight,

Is to GRIND in his mill,

Both by day and by night.

The D if you drop,

And the G you transpose,

Is RING, of you please,

And your Anagram I disclose.

January 11.

C. C.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

R E B U S.

TO find the name of that enchanting maid,
In whom is every beauteous charm display'd
Whose love-form'd person and attractive air,
Proclaim her far the fairest of the FAIR—
Take Lycia's King, who on the Trojan plain
Fell, by the hand of great Patroclus slain;
A land FICTITIOUS, where the Poets tell,
Plenty and happiness forever dwell:
A city near the Hellespontic tide,
Where Hero lov'd, and where Leander dy'd;
The God who guides the chariot of the day,
And he who wields the sceptre of the sea—
Fair Freedom's darling and Columbia's pride,
Eit in the field or council to preside;
A present made in lofty Ida's grove,
By youthful Paris to the Queen of Love;
Dedalus' son, who boldly dar'd to rise,
On waxen plumes, amid the azure skies;
And those lov'd fields in Thessaly, where glides
The fair Peneus with meandering tides.
All the Initials plac'd in order, spell,
The name of this inimitable Belle.

[A Solution is requested.]

THERON.

A LITTLE TALE.

AT a tavern one night,
Messrs. MOORE, STRANGE and WRIGHT,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says MOORE, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's STRANGE."
"Yes," says STRANGE, (rather sore)
"I am sure there's one MOORE,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother"—
"O yes," replied MOORE, "that is WRIGHT."

SATURDAY, January 16, 1796.

WE are sorry to inform the public, that intelligence was received on Tuesday night, of the loss of the brig Favorite, from Cadiz, on Cape May; and the Minerva, from Lisbon, on Joe Flogger Shoals; on the night of Wednesday the 6th inst. They were bound to Philadelphia, and seven out of eleven persons on board the Minerva were drowned--the others were taken off by a vessel bound to Charleston.

On the 8th of December was cast away at Chatham, Cape Cod, the ship Steward's Castle, George Williams, master--part of the cargo saved, vessel lost--owned by Prosper Wetmore and Brothers, of this city.

A letter from London of the 5th of Nov. received by the packet, contains the following information: That M. Monneron was empowered to treat for peace, even to the relinquishment of Austrian Flanders; the negotiation with the British government was commenced, and proceeded with spirit for several days, when in consequence of the party who sent out M. Monneron being thrown into the minority, probably on the question relative to annexing the low countries to the French Republic, new instructions were sent to him, in which he was ordered to insist on annexing Belgium to the Republic, as an indispensable stipulation. In consequence of this the negotiations were immediately broken off, and M. Monneron returned to France.

The war was growing unpopular, on account of the scarcity, which occasioned great sufferings among the poorer class of citizens.

The committee of the legislature of this state, to whom was referred the petition (in behalf of the people) respecting the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of this city, reported, that their present powers were insufficient for the purposes of decision, and requested powers to send for persons and papers. A motion for granting these powers was accordingly made, and after a considerable debate and postponement, carried in the affirmative. [Diary.]

A Madrid paper, of the date of October 25, has the following article:--"The four Spanish commissioners, who returned from Paris, have communicated to the court the opinion of the Committee of Public Safety in case Spain should be inclined to negotiate Peace between France and Portugal. The four following articles seem to be the basis of future overtures:

1. The restitution of Corsica to France.
 2. The cession of Gibraltar to Spain.
 3. The payment to France of four millions sterling, as an indemnification for a quantity of false assignats, which the English have circulated through the French territory.
 4. The obligation to be imposed upon Great Britain of keeping no more than eighty ships of the line, forty frigates, and twenty other vessels of a smaller construction.
- "It is generally believed that Spain will be a mediator between France and Portugal."

The same paper adds, that a French Squadron, cruising off the mouth of the Tagus, actually blockades that harbor, and has already carried away a great number of Portuguese merchantmen with valuable cargoes.

Extract of a letter from the Captain of the brig Hester Maria, to his owners in this city, dated East-Hampton, January 6.

"I am unhappy to have it in my power to inform you of my being ashore with the brig Hester Maria, on the south side of Gardners Island; which happened in the following manner:--Wednesday morning, at 7 o'clock, we saw Montuck point about two leagues distance; the wind at west, induced me to come down the Sound, or at least to get within the land as soon as possible, being short of bread, and forty passengers on board. After getting in, the wind came round to the northward and eastward, which set in to blow very heavy with snow and rain, which was so thick, we could not see the land--I immediately concluded to anchor; and in order so to do, began to take in sail, and just as we were going to let it go, we had but three fathoms water. We supposed ourselves on Long Island side, hauled our wind to the northward, on which course we stood, and deepened our water at times, and at last struck the ground at 5 in the afternoon, and thump very heavy all night; at four in the morning she sprung a leak.

There is more than half the cargo that is not damaged, I believe. My sailors will all leave me to-day. The bearer, Capt. Gardner, I have engaged with, to go to Sag Harbor, to get a craft to take the goods out, which I shall send to New-York immediately. The brig is not much damaged, and may be got off very easy."

Extract of a letter from Capt. William Thompson, of the schooner Brothers, belonging to Baltimore, to his friend in Baltimore, dated at St. Pierres, Martinique, Dec. 12, 1795.

"This place affords nothing but war. On the 8th of this month the troops sailed for Barbadoes, there to join the ballance of their fleet, from thence destined to Guadaloupe, in order to capture that island. I am apt to believe they will be deceived--the French, I am informed, are uncommonly strong in that Island, and are determined to defend it to the life of the last man. The French on the night of the 9th, landed 250 foldiers from St. Lucie, in this island, which has greatly frustrated the inhabitants here. They have burned one small town and two sugar estates; the English have sent 540 militia, in order to suppress them, but find themselves greatly disappointed; the French increase in strength daily, negroes flock to them in parties of 50 and 70 at a time, in consequence of which Governor Miles has laid an embargo on all vessels in port. I am sorry to add, those French troops were conveyed here by an American brig, which is since captured by a British frigate; the master and crew are in close confinement--the master is to be brought to town to-morrow, and will be tried by the marshall law--I am fearful he will die--it is very distressing to us Americans to see our countrymen thus situated."

NORFOLK, Dec. 24.

Yesterday arrived here the brig Hazard, Capt. Kilby, in 25 days from Kingston. The papers brought by the above vessel mention, that the Maroon Negroes are not entirely quelled.

Captain Kilby was plundered off Cape Antonia, by a French pilot-boat schooner, mounting four guns; they took from him all his stores, spare rigging and sails, his clothes, and almost every article they could lay their hands on. The privateer belonged to the Gonaives.

Captain Whitfield, of the sloop Staring, arrived here yesterday, 18 days from St. Kitts, informs, that on the 1st of December an English frigate cut out four American vessels out of St. Pierre's, Goudaloupe; one of them was the brig Three Brothers, Capt. D. Patten, of Salem; she was cast away on the 5th, a few miles to the westward of Basseterre, and the mate died the same night.

By the ship Favourite, arrived at Philadelphia, from Falmouth, London papers have been received of the 11th November, from which the following intelligence is copied:

LONDON, Nov. 10.

We have ample accounts of the operations in Germany, and some of them in papers not friendly to the ruling powers (particularly the Courier Francois.) It appears by them, that the French armies, both that of Pichegru and Jourdan, have been defeated, and obliged to retreat, but not to the extent reported. They say nothing of the Austrians having passed the Rhine. A part of Gen. Jourdan's army crossed it near Coblenz while the rest took post at Duffeldorf, with the intention to maintain itself there.

Disturbances have broke out both in Holland and in the Hainault. The latter are so serious, as to be termed in the French papers another Vendee.

The reports of the passage of the Rhine by the Austrians, of their having taken Cologne and defeated the French on the banks of the Rhine are all evidently unfounded.

One of the Paris papers states, that the port of Lisbon is blockaded up by some French ships of war. They add that a Peace is near being concluded between France and Portugal.

Forty-nine sail of vessels of the captured Mediterranean fleet, including the man of war, is the number which the Courier Francois, an aristocratical paper, reports to have entered Cadiz.

DUISBOURG, October 23.

Although the precipitate retreat of the French is confirmed, yet we are assured, that it was not occasioned by any such event as the loss of a battle. It was the rapid march of Gen. Clairfayt, and the positions which he was on the point of taking, that obliged them to retreat.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Tuesday the 5th inst. at Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Giphard, Mr. WILLIAM VAN WYCK, merchant of this city, to Miss RACHEL MILLER, eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen Miller, of that place.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. DANIEL TINGLEY, to Miss ELIZA SACKET, daughter of Doct. Sacket of this city.

Same evening, at Jamaica, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Fautoute, Mr. WILLIAM BLEECKER, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON, daughter of Col. Joseph Robinson, of that place.

DIED

On Tuesday the 5th inst. at his house in Norwich, His Excellency SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, Governor of the State of Connecticut. The general, uniform and undiminished confidence of his fellow citizens and countrymen for a series of years, are the most incontestible witnesses of his importance and usefulness in society. His integrity as a Patriot--his unvarying rectitude and abilities as a Statesman--and his social qualities, as the husband, the friend, and the man, render his death a source of regret to all who knew him.

Elegant and Cheap Prints.

The greatest Variety ever offered for sale in this country, ALSO,

Childrens Books,

Of every description, by the Groce, Dozen, or Single, Just received from London, and for sale at J. HARRISSON'S Printing Office, Book and Stationary Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

Also, just Published.

Important State Papers,

Containing the TREATIES existing between the United States and Foreign Powers.

Just Published, and for Sale

DODRIDGE'S

Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,

A Book, too well esteemed to need Eulogium.

The Entertaining Novelist:

OR,
NEW POCKET LIBRARY
OF

AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

Playing Cards.

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single Pack, for Sale at this Office.

Almanacks for 1796,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

For Sale, at Public Auction,

At the Coffee-House, on Thursday the 21st instant, at 12 o'clock.

A Very convenient two story frame house, finished last May, containing two rooms and a Bed Room on a floor, with a good Celler, Kitchen, and a commodious Garret, has a large Yard with a Pump, and other conveniences; stands on a lease for 8 years, subject to a ground rent of 30l. per annum. It is situated in Oliver-street, No. 51, and is an eligible stand for almost any kind of Business. For terms of sale, and further particulars, enquire on the premises, of HENRY HILMAN.

New-York, January 16, 1796.

94--1 T

F I G B L U E,

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Nassau-street.

Court of Apollo.

THE PARSON AND WIDOW.

In imitation of PETER PINDAR.

A WORTHY; pious Clergyman of late,
Who rank'd it with his gospel labours
To guard his flock, and visit oft his neighbours;
A practice now grown something out of date.
But he, good man, with unremitting zeal,
From house to house would daily go;
Eager his master's business to fulfil,
And curious his parishioners to know.
Full oft the cot of wretchedness he sought,
Where death, or pale disease, had brought distress,
With many a balmy consolation fraught,
To cheer the widow and the fatherless.
Abroad, o'er mug of cyder, or his pipe,
Would he inculcate lessons moral;
From misery's cheek, the tear of anguish wipe,
Decide a cause, or terminate a quarrel.
One day on his important charge intent,
His mind t' unburthen, and his MAW to feast;
To a poor Widow's house the parson went,
Whose spouse had recently deceas'd.
Jack to a small estate was heir,
But liv'd an idle dissipated life,
Would fight, get drunk, and rave and swear,
Abuse his family, and maul his wife.
Indulg'd his vices, till his all was spent,
Got drunk, and died a vile impenitent.
Down sat his reverence, and began his theme.
"Afflictions woman! spring not from the dust,
"Our life's a vapour, 'tis an airy dream,
"Death is the lot of all—but God is just,
"Your husband's gone, alas! we know not where,
"The yawning grave doth every man await:
"Pray can you tell me, did he not despair?
"Was he concern'd about his FUTURE STATE?
"FUTURE ESTATE!" exclaim'd poor JOAN,
With squeaking tone,
Then wip'd her eyes and sigh'd;
"FUTURE ESTATE! why ducky man, he'd none!
"He SPENT it long before he died!"

SWEET BATH,
RECOMMENDED TO THOSE WHO WISH TO DROWN
THEMSELVES.

YESTERDAY afternoon, a woman at the North of the town hearing a strange noise in her yard, and frequent ejaculations, by a tremulous voice, of "LORD HELP ME? &c." ran out to find the person, and the cause from whence they were uttered. In the yard she saw a woman's cloak and bonnet, but not the least appearance of any one near them. Surprised at the oddity of the circumstance, she was about to re-enter her house, when she again heard a groaning, which evidently proceeded from the "PRIVY." She immediately summoned assistance, when a female of about 17 years of age, was dragged from the vault; and who, from several circumstances, appeared to have fixed on that UNCLEAN method of ridding herself of existence, but the "NECESSARY" having been recently cleaned, made it impossible for her to effect her wishes and intentions. Finding her situation disagreeable, and being unable to extricate herself, she had been necessitated to call for help.

To be Sold,

AND possession given the first of May next, a House and Lot of ground in William-Street, the house contains 4 rooms, a large garret, and a cellar under the whole, with a fire-place in it. A back building suitable for a small family, also, a Wash House, new Pump, and a stone Cistern in the yard. The lot is 129 feet in depth, and 25 in front. For further particulars enquire of the Printer, or of A. M'CREADY, No. 59, William-Street.
New-York, Jan. 9, 1796. 93--tf.

The Moralist.

REFLECTION.

REFLECTION is one of the many blessings which are conducive to the happiness of mankind in general.--- If a man is involved in unforeseen miseries or difficulties, it is by reflecting that many are labouring under as great, if not greater, calamities than himself.

There are few who have not felt the pleasing sensations arising from the happiness of the first period of their lives, when spent in rendering pleasure to their fellow creatures.---In such an instance as this, reflection is the sweetest satisfaction of old age;---the old man finds his greatest pleasure to consist in ruminating over past enjoyments and delights: in relating the adventures of his youth, and the many events to which he has been witness.

But, alas! what must be the situation of that man, who near his end remembers a life filled up with almost every species of guilt and infamy;---with what horror must he remember his having traduced the character of an honest man! (if of such a description his guilt may consist.) And with what trembling and fear must he think, on being in a short time called before the Deity, to answer for those trespasses committed against God and man.

Universal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its excellencies in all kinds of fresh wounds, bruises; scalds, burns, sore or gibb'd heels, and even for sore eyes, it being of so innocent a composition as to be used at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that has been performed with this ointment, can be attested to by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommended to all families, and particularly to masters of vessels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be sold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-street, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s.---3s and 2s each Great allowance will be made to those who purchase by the quantity. Jan. 9 93--tf.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to carry on the STAY MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve. Feb. 14, 1795. 1y

To be Sold at Private Sale,

ANY time before the 1st of April next, a pleasant situated Farm, lying south side of Long Island, within two miles of Jamaica, and one mile from the landing, where there is good fishing and fowling---The said farm contains about one hundred acres, seven of which are woodland, and twelve meadow---There is on the premises a dwelling house and a good barn, a well of excellent water near the door, a good bearing orchard, containing about one hundred apple trees; also a number of peach, plum, pear, and cherry trees---Any person inclining to purchase, will please to apply to Charles Welling, living on the premises, or Charles Welling, junior, No. 95, Fair-street, where an indisputable title will be given.

January 1, 1796,

92 tf

To be Sold,

BY Cornelius Lezier, a well situated place, suitable for a saw or grist mill, or Factory, with a convenient house and cellar, and a good barn, with one hundred and fifty acres of Land. Also, another Farm on the north of the above, with a good stone house, barn, orchard, and a quantity of meadow---Said Farms are thirty miles from White-Hall---The conditions of Sale will be made known by applying to Cornelius Lezier, at Agburt Van Zile's in Vanderwater-street. 92 4t

New-York. January 1, 1796.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-street,
Between the Coffee-House and Old-Slip.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices. February. 14, 1795. 1 y

FEVER and AGUE.

ANY person having the Fever and Ague may have it cured effectually in a few hours; should the person not perform the cure no payment will be asked. Enquire at No. 64, Vesey-street, near the Bear Market.

Sep. 19.

8t q

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, the back shop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that she has received in some of the latest vessels from London, Drefs and half drefs caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for drosses, some fashes, and a variety of ribbons, black lustring and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, sandals, pattens, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795.

90 tf.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State. Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Eliphalet Seaman, of the city of New-York, insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said John Sloss Hobart, Esquire, at his chambers in the City Hall of the city of New-York, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the estate of the said Eliphalet Seaman should not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman discharged. According to the directions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New-York; entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency." Passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated 11th day of Dec. 1795. 89 6w

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning creditors. New-York, Dec. 12, 1795.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOODSTORE from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

To be sold and immediate possession given, that very convenient New House, No. 51, Chamber-street, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16. 1796.

WHEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth his wife, have lately died intestate, leaving certain personal estate in the hands of the subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any person or persons who were related to the said James Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and receive the same according to law. Apply to JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York, or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH, N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga, State of New-York.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street.

85tf.